

FARE, WEALTH, LIFE, DEATH.

What is fame? 'Tis the sun-gleam on the mountain, Spreading brightly ere it flies; 'Tis the bubble on the fountain, Rising lightly ere it dies.

What is wealth? 'Tis a rainbow, still receding; As the panting fool pursues; Or a toy that youth, unheeding, Seeks the radiest way to lose.

What is life? 'Tis the earthly hour of trial For a life that's but begun; When the prize of self-denial May be quickly lost or won.

What is death? 'Tis a dark, mysterious portal Human eye never roams; Yet the hope still springs immortal That it leads the wanderer home.

ENDYMION.

BY LOUIS SPENCER DANIEL.

Dame O'be was an old witch, or gypsy, living on the outskirts of Rome. Save for the companionship of one, she lived alone in a dismal cave, loved by few, feared by many, for her dreaded magic charms.

This one, her companion, was the fairest of her sex, fairer by far than all the Roman maidens. Many stories were told of him and Rome regarding their parentage, but none knew the truth save old Dame O'be, and the secret was all she lived to keep.

Her name was Cleonice, and dark was her hair, dark as midnight her eyes; teeth, mouth, figure, more beautiful than ever Roman yet beheld. As blithe as a fairy, with a head full of all that was pure, with merry song she tripped the meadows through to where, in a boat that idly floated 'neath rocks and willows, the young shepherd boy, Endymion, lay asleep.

It was in a small valley, at the bottom of which a lake shone like silver in the light of the setting sun. All around it beautiful willows covered the sloping banks, and their long branches drooped over the water.

Gazing intently upon his face, she sat on a moss-covered rock somewhat near his boat, cast her eyes to heaven, drew her fingers across the lyre and put her brimming soul into music—music which could come from the gods alone.

Her song intermingled with Endymion's slumber and caused him to dream, and in the dream he spoke aloud in solemn vow his love for Cleonice.

Happier, tenfold happier, she sprang from the rock, leaped over the boat and kissed his brow, then took her way toward Dame O'be's cave. But ere she reached the brow of the hill, skipping, singing in her joy, she saw the emperor and his son riding fast toward her. As light as a fairy she sped before their horses, and calling aloud to Dame O'be as she neared the cave, fell upon the moss-covered floor.

When the emperor rode up, out spoke Dame O'be, full and bold. "Methinks the emperor and his fair son might find better sport than frightening the poor old woman's child!"

"Lying vagabond! She is no child of yours. But you have taught her your tricks and she has bewitched my son." The emperor was very angry; Dame O'be's face grew thoughtful and wicked, while close to her skirts clung Cleonice. "Ha! ha! ha! So 'tis his heart! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Witch! Sorceress!" cried the enraged emperor. "Give her to my guards, and if she does not bring the color into my son's pale cheeks and cheer his sad heart, I will feed her to my lions."

The emperor was beside himself with rage but his young son was sick at heart, and pale of face. Dame O'be gazed scornfully at the speaker then said: "Off, base emperor! So 'tis you again! Remember forty buddings past, your heart waned, your face paled, for a love unborn for thee! Ha! ha! ha! I see! Thou hast not forgotten!"

"Wretch! Imposter! Give her to my soldiers, and I swear by the gods—"

"Enough! Take her, emperor, but remember, thou hast sworn by the gods! Let her come to one hair of her head and we to thee!"

The soldiers took the reluctant maiden and bore her away to a castle of marble by the side of the lake, and there the emperor's son swore his love for her on bended knee.

With downcast eyes and dark eye lashes—which seemed darker still, lying on her pale cheeks—she told him that she loved another. Then the emperor and his son were overcome with wrath—more angry still when Cleonice's cheeks flushed, and her eyes flashed in scorn for both.

"Sorceress!" cried the emperor. "Tomorrow at sunrise you wed my son!" All that night Cleonice slept not, but lay with her dark head pillowed on her snow-white arms and sobbed for Endymion. "Oh, Endymion! Endymion!" But though the night breeze caught up her moaning, Endymion heard her not as he fed his sheep in the valley below.

Far in the distance she heard the lambs bleating, heard Endymion's voice, low and sweet; and now, standing at the open window she saw the new-born sun peeping from behind the hill, and shuddered at her approaching wedding.

Would she wed? For her life's sake would she leave fair Endymion? Hark! She heard footsteps on the stone stairway. The emperor and his son approached. Quick into the window she sprang. Down, down, fathoms down, the beautiful, calm lake shone like silver in the early morn, polished by the rising sun. How peaceful it seemed!

Behind her, nearer, nearer, the footsteps came. Again, half breathless, she looked far out upon the lake—to see Endymion gliding swiftly over the waters. One quick thought—her last—'twas of Endymion. She crossed her arms on her breast; her face so fair, so beautiful, shone like an angel's. The door opened. The emperor and his son, seeing her intent, rushed madly at her—all too late!

They leaped from the window and gazed below to see the waters spread to receive her. Reckless in his anger and pain, the youth lost his balance and went to a watery grave.

With a curse on his lips the emperor madly rushed down the stairs, but at the castle door stood Dame O'be, with eyes fixed straight upon him. "Rash emperor! Wretch! A curse be upon thy head! Thou hast killed Cleonice! Cleonice—daughter of the gods!"

Endymion, gliding o'er the lake's wide expanse, espied a floating figure clothed in white, and as he came nearer saw a mass of raven tresses. He arose, and seeing that which made him doubt his eyes, clasped his hands to his head and cried "Cleonice!" and fell as still as death in the boat's bottom.

The little craft came to shore and there stood Dame O'be. "Poor Endymion!" she cried. She took a sleeping draught from her girdle, and saying, "Better that thou shouldst never wake to grief," touched it to his lips.

There he lay all through the still and balmy night, and there he lay when the sun rose up from behind the hills. A charm came over the beautiful valley which made the breeze more gentle and the lake more still than ever. The sheep came to the water's edge to see if Endymion was coming to feed them; but he stirred not in his deep and dreamless sleep. There he lay for days and nights, for weeks and months and years; and when the moon is ripest, villagers say they can see from the hill the lily white arm of Cleonice guiding Endymion's boat about the waters, while in the other hand, high over her head, she bears a torch to light her love across the lake.

Trees Near the House.

A reliable authority on matters relating to the aspect and surroundings of a house considers that no single tree should stand within some feet of it, no garden within several yards and no woodland, with its carpet of decaying leaves, within at least a half mile. This last estimate might well, it is thought, be reduced by one-half, and perhaps twelve to fifteen feet might be taken as the smallest distance which should intervene between tree and house. With this qualification the proximity of trees to a dwelling house is distinctly beneficial. To insure a pure and fragrant atmosphere, "you must," says a writer on the subject, "accept from nature those tall, green chimneys called trees, which imbibe and carry aloft into the air those harmful gases which, if admitted to the lungs and brain, might disease the former and obstruct the delicate movements of the latter."

At various points in the country may be observed houses which, in spite of faulty situation, are yet generally healthy, chiefly because they are environed with trees which shelter them from the cold winds of winter and spring and in summer prevent that sudden and rapid evaporation which after heavy rains may generate disease. A most striking example of the use of trees in preserving and promoting health occurred some years ago. As the story goes, a man, along the extremity of whose garden ran a ditch, received no injury from its proximity, till, in an unfortunate hour, a thick row of elders which grew upon the brink was cut down. Almost immediately low fever attacked the family, and not only reduced them to a state of great weakness, but returned at short intervals, till they removed to another locality.

A Clever Tramp.

The trains on one of the railroads leading into Atlanta are notoriously slow, and they are on that account much frequented by tramps, who can readily catch on as they pull out of the stations. Not long ago, as a passenger train stopped at a water tank, a tramp, dusty and tired-looking, slipped off a truck and approached the conductor.

"Are you the conductor?" he asked. "What were you doing under that car?" was all the information he received. "Ridin', you didn't suppose I was walkin', did you?"

"Well what do you want? I'm the conductor?"

"For the Lord's sake, mister, can you put more steam on, or put a brakeman on behind to push her, or do something to get along faster. I want to get to Atlanta before the exposition is over."

"Come off!" growled the conductor. "If you don't like it why don't you walk?"

"Because the president of the road is a friend of mine," and the tramp drew himself up in a dignified way, "and if I walk I'll beat the train there about eight hours, and that'll set competin' lines to makin' unkind remarks. I ain't goin' back on a friend in no such lowdown manner as that, even if I didn't get to Atlanta in time to make New Year's calls; you hear me, cully conduc'?"

The conductor gave him a seat in the smoking car after that, and he went to sleep and forgot that there was any such place on the map as Atlanta.

Some men's pompous walk gives away the pride their tongues are vainly trying to conceal.

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